OCT 18 1918

Judge

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OCTOBER 19, 1918

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JUDGE

"THE HAPPY MEDIUM"

Number 1931
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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 19, 1918

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Drawn by ORSON LOWELL

GIVING HIM WHAT HE WANTED

"MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG, ROLL ALONG, ROLL ALONG———"

"FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS."

"Billy Admitted, at Last, That the Dream of His Life Was to Possess a Bill Case"

Registering Maternal Instinct

By Thomas Edgelow

Illustrated by Albert Hencke

VERY prettily, and yet with a proper sense of the honor that she conferred upon him, Gloria, the darling of a hundred million Movie fans, accepted the young millionaire's invitation to motor down to the shore in an endeavor to get cool. And Jim Shoggs—that was the young millionaire, whose father had made the money out of Shoggs' Soothing Syrup—did not underestimate this privilege.

Unfortunately, he could not come into the actual possession of all those multi-millions until he arrived at the age of thirty, or married a girl of whom his Aunt Penelope approved. Still, Aunt Penelope had been badly bitten by the Movies in her old age, and she had greatly approved of Gloria in "Empty Husbands."

"But one thing I insist upon," Aunt Penelope had added when speaking of the contemplated proposal. "The girl you marry *must* have the maternal instinct strongly developed. She *must* adore children."

At all of this Jim hinted as he drove Gloria shorewards, and it happened that Gloria, who liked children only in their place (somewhere three hundred yards distant from her), knew also that Aunt Penelope was staying at the very seaside town where she and Jim were to spend the day. Also, Gloria was tired of the burden of the picture-acting classes—work—and she liked Jim's silk socks and the way he ate soft-boiled eggs.

Later, emerging from her dressing room in the bath house—a vision in rose, gold and white, and clad in a black silk swimming suit—Gloria perceived Aunt Penelope seated in a beach chair, watching the surf bathers. Jim joined Gloria, and at that moment Gloria, who was tall and slender, stooped down to notice a most unattractive child who was peering up at her. Gloria's twenty-second sense—for she had many—told her that interest in an unattractive child would register far better than if she fussed over some pretty little darling about whom most anyone would rave.

And little Billy—he said his name was Billy—*was* a most unattractive boy, thin as a lath, and with a funny, too wise face that might have belonged to a wizened old man.

"How old are you, Billy?" Gloria asked tenderly, the while she registered maternal yearning and shuddered inwardly, after the boy had told her his name. (Aunt Penelope was visibly interested.)

"I shall never be seven again! Today's my birthday," Billy answered quaintly.

Swiftly Gloria stooped and caught up in her young arms the queer little figure in its gaudy red bathing suit, and bore him to where Aunt Penelope—now smiling amiably—was sitting in her beach chair.

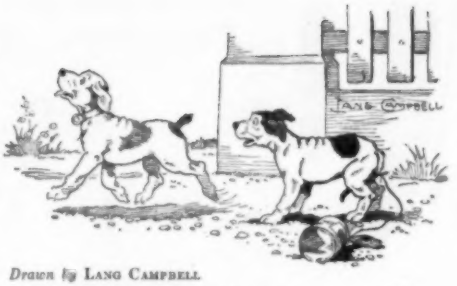
"Then you and I—just we two—must play together all the rest of the afternoon!" Gloria's tones hinted at a great tenderness for that poor, pathetic little face. "We don't have a birthday every day—do we?"

Aunt Penelope was still more delighted, and, as she had already met Gloria, she patted approvingly the

exquisite shoulder that peeped from the black silk bathing dress.

"Now," pursued Gloria generously, "what would you like for a birthday present?"

Billy was too shy to answer for a long while. Instead, he rested his head against Gloria and sighed contentedly as her arm crept around his thin little neck. Billy admitted at last, that the dream of his life was to possess a bill case—just like a man's! He would save up and keep his money in it!



Drawn by LANG CAMPBELL

"Look out! They'll tie a can on your tail!"
"Gwan—I'm exempt."

Ever generous, Gloria insisted on Jim Shoggs motoring back into the town alone and buying a bill case. Jim, outwardly smiling, did so, and, to impress Gloria, he slipped a new twenty-dollar note into the bill case.

Billy was delighted, and passed the rest of the afternoon in being petted by Gloria. Then, as Billy ran off to play, clutching his present in one hot little hand, it was Aunt Penelope who whispered earnestly into Gloria's pink ear. It was only a few days later and with the old lady's enthusiastic consent that Gloria's engagement was kept secret from her public by means of two columns in every evening paper.

But that same night of the beach party, Billy strolled into his favorite saloon.

"'Lo, Bill! What's doin'?" queried his friend, the bartender. "Tough luck, I suppose, as usual, with you circus people? And you—the smallest midget performer there is, and all!"

Billy thoughtfully bit off the end of a black cigar. "Sure," he agreed, "the circus business is on the bum these war days. Nothing doing at all—and me known throughout the profession as 'Bumptious Bill'—the greatest little dwarf on the road! Still, I had a bit of luck, Bo. Been on the beach all day—and Oh, Boy!—talk about a peach! You should have seen her!" He sighed. "Well—circus business or no circus business—it's my birthday, so set 'em up, Joe!"

"Say, Bill, how old are you, anyway?" questioned the bartender. "You're about forty, ain't yer?"

Billy, sitting on a high stool, from where his chin was just above the level of the bar, tossed a crisp new twenty-dollar bill onto the counter. "Oh, I'll never be seven again," he chuckled.

Drawn by JOHN HELD

WINNING THE WAR IN THE MOVIES

Our leading Producing Manager signing a proclamation that hereafter all villains are to be German instead of Spanish.

The Tip

By TOD CHENEVIX

THE ambition of plain people is to have enough money to tip the waiter. Time was when an honest man could indulge in that luxury without wrecking his credit or his good name. All that was necessary was to do a little sum in arithmetic, in percentage, and there it appeared, the tip. Now, not arithmetic, nor percentage, nor even brains seems to serve. The problem is one of higher mathematics. Indeed, it is one of such advanced studies that most of us lack the requisite preliminary education for them.

There stands the gentle waiter by our side. He wears a grin as pleasing as an axe, and he watches one as one tries to add up the items, his expression giving one confidence in one's ability to audit quickly and gracefully; at least, it would give one such confidence if one dared to look squarely into the kind and benevolent face of the tiger. It is a moment of stress.

One may live through considerable on earth, but one does wish tips came easier. It is either to forget the hereafter (to-morrow, that is) and part with your breakfast money, or it is to play the rôle of the truly rich and depart with the air of a millionaire after dropping enough lucre to satisfy.

No wonder that sterling silver has gone up, that courage has gone to France, and that good judgment is nowhere. The tip has disorganized our logic as well as our self-respect, and there is no help in sight but poverty. When our money is gone we cannot be robbed.

Even so, one would greatly prefer to be generous, and so let pride have its human fling—Yes?

In the Year of the Toddles

You may lead a woman to the ballroom but you can't make her two-step

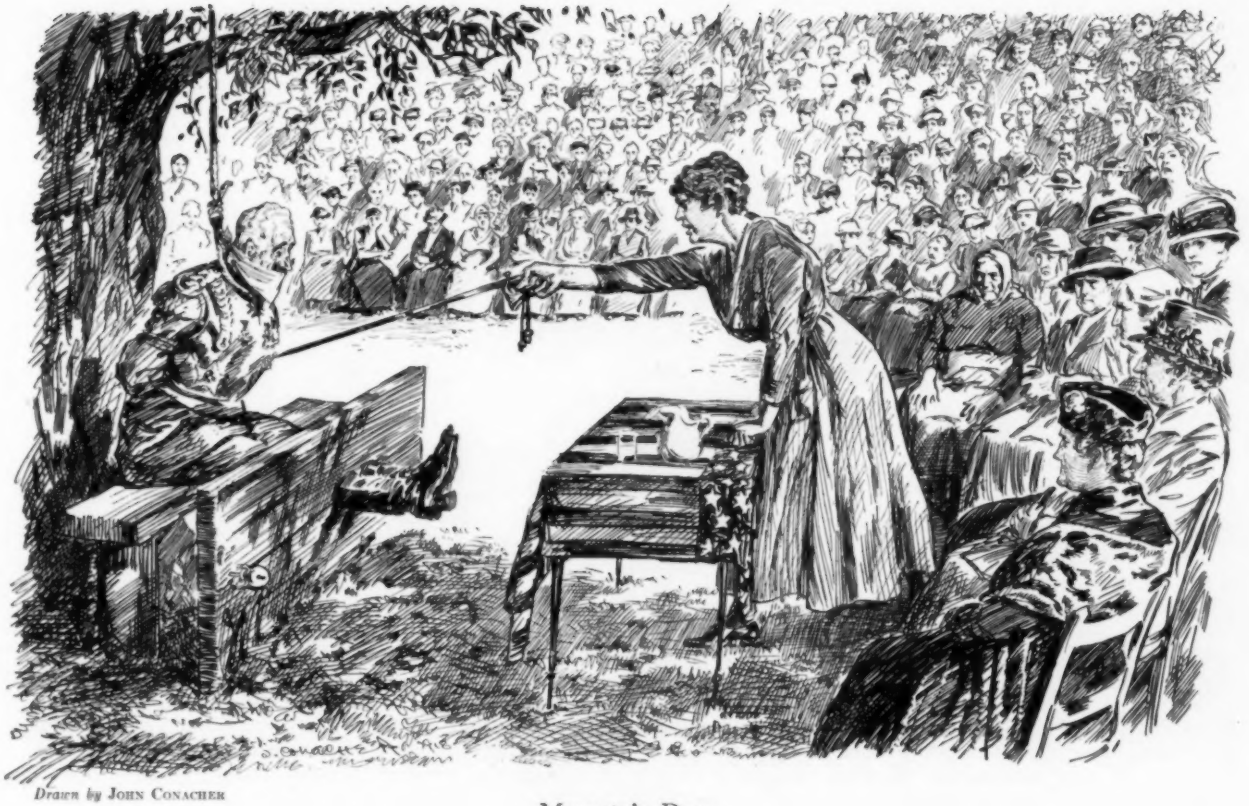
Authoritative

Mabel—That fish looks like trout. I'm very fond of trout. I wonder if it is trout.

Norma—Why don't you ask the chef?

Mabel (to chef, sweetly)—What kind of fish is that?

Chef—That is fried fish, ma'am.



Drawn by JOHN CONACHER

MOTHER'S DAY

Scraps of Paper

THE kaiser's dove of peace is a buzzard.

The kaiser comes high, but the Allies must have him.

The Prussian dream of conquest has turned to a nightmare of defeat.

Germany wants peace with honor. But what would she do with honor if she had it?

The sick man of Europe has an iron constitution, but it is becoming badly rusted.

What is the use of trying to make a soldier of a slacker? His heels are in front, anyhow.

Nicholas Romanoff will not even have good company when Wilhelm Hohenzollern joins him in oblivion.

One of the horrors of war is the stringy old maid who insists upon kissing the departing soldiers good-bye.

Such a frightfulness! Not only was the war forced on the Germans, but the inhuman Allies are now actually endeavoring to force the truth into them.

Drawn by A. HENKEL

FAITH

"Don't cry, mother—the war'll soon be over, now that daddy's gone across."

Poor Company

"WHILE I respect our pastor thoroughly, I do not intend to invite him any more to ride with me in my motor car," said Grout P. Smith. "He is excellent company when all goes well, but when all does not go well, which—as the car is a second-hand Gourd and subject to balkiness, an impediment in its get-along at times, and occasional nervous breakdowns—happens every now and again, he is not an altogether agreeable associate for a man who acquired a considerable portion of his vocabulary from a seafaring uncle who bore some of the earmarks of a successful pirate."

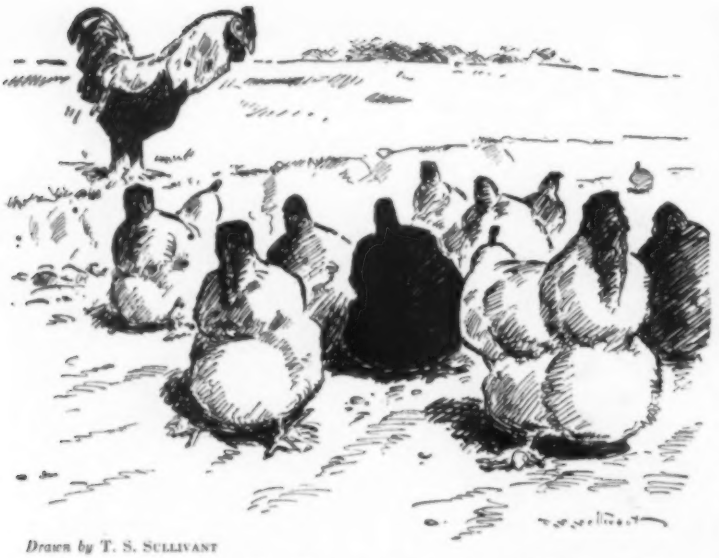
Home Authorship

The amateur short-story writer was up in his bed-room working on a prize-winner. Not only that, it was to be a masterpiece. Ideas like sparks, popped out of his head: he was just clearing the crisis and——

Voice from the kitchen below: "Father, what time is it?"

"Eight o'clock"—short and savage!

"Well, I've just put the eggs on. Tell me when it's four minutes after, will you, dear?"



Drawn by T. S. Sullivant

"I Want to Impress on You That Eggs Will Help to Win the War. Get Busy!"

"With Them That Rejoice"

By Corinne Rockwell Swain

FARMER SPILETT was in a hurry to get home, for it was almost milking time, and a thunder shower was impending. He was not in a very good humor, either, as he urged his tired horses up the long slope of Armenia Mountain where his farm lay, for his load of produce had brought less than he had expected, and he had just learned that his best parcel post customer had been captured by a rival. As he passed the old Purdy place, a diminutive figure, noticeable for its pale blue overalls and bright red hair, darted out and hailed him. Mr. Spilett's first impulse was to drive right on without appearing to notice, though usually he had a friendly greeting ready for little Jim Purdy. He was behind time already, and in no mood to be bothered. But on second thought, he slowed up, after passing the gate; perhaps the hail meant some real need. Mrs. Purdy, who "enjoyed poor health" might have had one of her heart spells, and wish him to stop at the doctor's house with a message. He must not be unneighborly.

At the first sign of slackening speed, small Jim, who had paused with a disappointed air, scudded ahead to catch up; for he had been waiting ever since he had sighted Mr. Spilett at the foot of the hill, with thrilling news to impart. Breathlessly he looked up into the big man's serious, preoccupied face, as the horses came to a standstill.

"Well," demanded the farmer a little impatiently, "what is it you want, Jimmy?"

"Why," announced the boy, tingling with excitement, "Mithert Thpilett—why—our old thpeckled hen laid two eggth today!"

For a moment a frown of irritation struggled with a deep-seated, surprised chuckle, and then the chuckle won. Farmer Spilett slapped his fat knee, and his mouth opened wide.

"She did well!" he boomed genially, smiling down into the expectant little freckled face; "Jimmy, she did well! Giddap there!" And as the heavy wagon resumed its journey, the smile stayed and the frown forgot to come back.

Hospitality

When company comes in at the door economy flies out at the window.

His Whereabouts

"I have here," said the suave salesman, "a wonderful money-making article. We give the exclusive agency to the most progressive merchant in town, and——"

"Uh-huh!" returned the proprietor of the Tote Fair store at Tumlinville, Ark. "You'll find him settin' out in front of the People's Emporium, right acrost the street, there."

Drawn by W. K. Starrett

"I wish we had a regular stove!"

"Oi wish th' kaiser wuz awearin' thot wan this minute, Oi do!"

The Lunatic

By William Sandford

MY friend Jones is crazy—raving crazy over a certain girl. He talks about her almost constantly when we are together. He tells me how beautiful she is, what a charming manner she has, and how well she plays the piano. You would think, to hear Jones discoursing on this girl, that she was the most wonderful girl in the world. It's really amusing. I've met the girl and talked with her. Jones introduced me. There's nothing remarkable about her at all. In fact I didn't even find her interesting.

Now if Jones had said all of these things about a certain girl that I introduced Jones to a while ago, there would be some sense in it, because they all absolutely apply to her. Sometime I almost think that Jones has got the two girls mixed and is really describing mine, but no! he always uses the girl's name when he raves, so he must really mean his!

The poor nut! He's crazy!

It Worked

THE great financial man of the paper had contracted the habit of paying visits to the *Star* office at the most unexpected times, which often resulted in a general "shake-up" of the paper's managerial, editorial and working forces, and was awaited with fear and anxiety. On one of these occasions, a pressman, an excellent workman, who was guilty of occasional lapses from sobriety, had a black eye, and was much disturbed as to what excuse he should offer should the great man observe the discolored orb. A happy thought came to him and he seized an ink-roller and rubbed a daub of ink on the side of his face completely concealing the discoloration of the skin. In a few moments the man of finances entered the room, carefully criticizing every detail and scrutinizing each employee sharply. As he was about to leave, he turned suddenly and pointing to the besmirched pressman, said to the superintendent: "Mr. Wise, what is that man's name?"

The offender was overcome with fear until he heard:

"I want you to give him four dollars a week more wages. He is the only man in the room that looks as if he had been working."

Drawn by Angus MacDonall

The Navy's Idea of a Life Preserver

His Record

By Tom P. Morgan

"EH-YAH!" a trifle grimly said the Old Codger, after the person whom he was glaring at had passed on his smiling way down the street. "I believe Augustus Gush has given more good advice, recited more helpful maxims, pushed himself in to shed sunshine o'er more beds of pain, caught up with more lone pedestrians, called attention to more overlooked opportunities, uttered more well-chosen words, rooted for more worthy causes, reminded more pessimists that no matter how drear was the day here somewhere else the sun was shining, pointed out more misfortunes that were blessings in disguise, renewed acquaintance with more friends of his boyhood, and on these and several other similar accounts won more cordial detestation than any other well-meaning man I ever knew."

Positive Proof

THERE is some talk going the rounds that you had trouble with the doctor when you were sick?"

"Nope, not in pertickler," replied Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "I just took a shot at him for not knowing his business; that's all. But I was so shaky that I missed him—so there was nothing to make talk about. You see, I felt sicker than seven hundred dollars, and when the doctor came he pawed me over for a spell and then said there wasn't anything serious the matter with me. I just dug my gun out from under the piller and took the aforesaid shot at him for not knowing what he was talking about. There is always something serious the matter with a feller when he wants to shoot his doctor!"

Evolution

Three men, an Irishman, a Swede and a Hebrew, were brought to court. The Hebrew was arrested for stealing a cow; the Swede for stealing a horse, and the Irishman for stealing a wagon.

"Well," said the judge, turning to the Hebrew, "where did you get the cow?"

"I've had it since it was a calf," was the reply.

"Where did you get the horse?" he asked the Swede.

"I've had it since it was a colt," was the reply of the Swede.

"And Patrick, where did you get the wagon?" asked the judge of the thief.

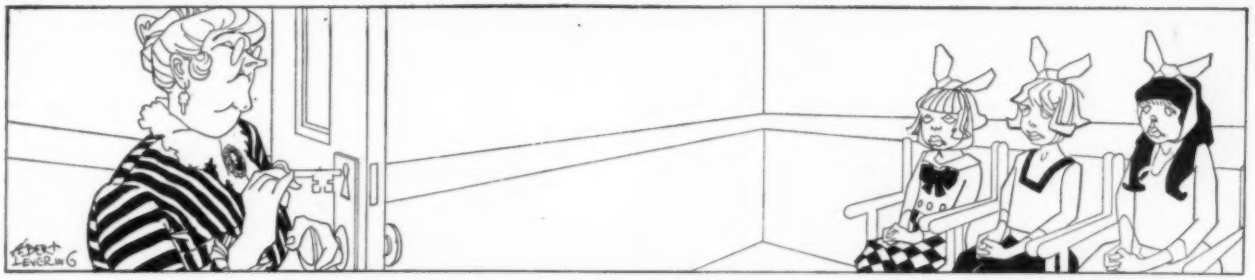
"Oh, Your Honor, I've had it since it was a wheel-barrow."

A PEEP AT Camp Gordon

"ALL ABOARD FOR OVERSEAS."
BY JUDGE'S SPECIAL SPY Zim
SURPLUS SWEATERS
A FEW POUNDS MORE OR LESS ARE BUT A FEW POUNDS MORE OR LESS.
MIGHT AS WELL LOOK FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK.
"IS ZEKE LIMESTONE OF EUREKA FORKS IN THE BUNCH? I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR HIM FROM HIS FOLKS."
"MY SON, HERE'S A SLIP FROM YOUR MA'S GERANIUM. WHEN YOU GIT SETTLED IN FRANCE SET IT OUT BY YER TENT AND LET IT BE A REMINDER OF THE FOLKS AT HOME."
IF KAISER "BILL" COULD SEE WHAT I SAW AT CAMP GORDEN HE'D REVERSE HIS OPINION OF THE U. S. ARMY.—WITH MINE OWN EYES I SAW OVER FOUR MILLION HUSKIES READY FOR BUSINESS.
THREE TIMES DAILY THEIR STOMACHS ARE THUS INFLATED.
"HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS."
"HAVE ANOTHER CUP?"
"HAVE ANOTHER EAR CORN."
MORE PIE?
BILL OF FARE
SOUP
CHICKEN—TURTLE
QUAIL
RABBIT
BEEF
LAMB
VEGETABLES
COFFEE
COCOA
FROMAGE
"GUIDE LEFT!"
THEY SHOULD PUT OFF DRILL TILL SUNDOWN.
I FOUND THE DISCIPLINE DECIDEDLY RIGID.
"HEADS UP!"
GOVERNMENT POULTRY PRESERVE.
USA TRACTION
'TIS GLORIOUS TO DIE FOR YOUR COUNTRY
AMEN
"I'VE DONE MY BIT"
THEY HAVE MANY FORMS OF AMUSEMENT HERE, BUT I VENTURE TO OFFER A FEW RECOMMENDATIONS FOR THE GOOD OF THE SERVICE.
A TIN WANCKON FOR EVERY ME
THE BOMB DRILL COULD BE RENDERED MORE SPIRITED BY THE USE OF DUMMIES.
ONE OF THE BIG ENGINEERING FEATS IS THE WEEKLY HARVESTING OF BROILERS FOR THE SUNDAY DINNER.
TRENCH DIGGING EXERCISE MIGHT BE MADE LESS ARDUOUS.
RING THE BELL
SHELTER FROM THE MERCILESS SUN.
INDIVIDUAL ELECTRIC FANS.
THESE CRUMBS OF COMFORT I FOUND TO BE ABSOLUTE NECESSITIES TO SOLDIER LIFE.
FOR CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS
NERVE ABLETS
MOSQUITO LOTION
DONT SEND FOOLISH STUFF TO YOUR SOLDIER FRIENDS.

Drawn at Camp Gordon by Zim

This is the third of the series of National Camp Sketches made by our special artist "Zim." JUDGE is the only publication in the world that has assigned a war-artist to "cover" our big Army Camps.



"So Far They Have Had Nothing But the Measles and Whooping Cough"

Familiar Folks. *No. 1.* Mrs. Iva Sharpe Paine

By H. W. Davis

Illustration by Albert Levering

MRS. IVA SHARPE PAINE is fat, well fed, and fifty-five. She lives with her married daughter and supervises all the illnesses—acute, chronic, and prospective—that afflict the household.

She is a practical symptomatologist and a sworn enemy to all ease of mind or body.

Granny Paine has had all the symptoms of all the diseases known to the Ladies' Aid. In addition she has been operated on four times for a total of one appendix and $2650.

Her appetite, her tongue, and her imagination are as yet unimpaired, but her son-in-law doesn't see how they can hold out much longer.

In the prevention, inauguration, and continuation of the diseases of children, Mrs. Paine is a marvel. Johnnie, James, and little Nell have spent most of their young lives in the detention room on the third floor waiting for something to break out. So far they have had nothing but the measles and whooping cough, and lots of symptoms and inoculations.

Each of the children now contains 17 kinds of serum and 42 million antibodies.

Mrs. Paine doesn't believe in health. It is not at all dependable, she says.

She maintains that one can not be nervous and excitable and full of despair without sickness in the family.

Besides, if everybody is feeling well, what is there to talk about?

What He Wanted

THE young author, who had been starved to death on earth because he could find no editors willing to risk publishing his stuff, was admitted to the gates of heaven by St. Peter.

"Now," said that distinguished spirit, "you are permitted to make any request you desire, and it will be granted. This is the first reward for the faithful."

"Anything?" returned the author, doubtfully.

"Anything," said St. Peter.

"Then, I desire that the editor of Rejection Magazine be forced to send me a check for $100 in acceptance of my recent story which was turned down forty-six times."

St. Peter gazed at the newcomer in surprise.

"Why," he said, "you will have no use for money in this place."

"I know I won't, but I want to fire the check back at that editor with a printed note: 'Not available for present use.'"

Drawn by R. B. Fuller

His Home

His Status

"I AM not rated at my true worth by my immediate neighbors and the majority of my fellow men," confessed Festus Pester. "In reality, I am a prominent and influential citizen and a person of profound judgment and great strength of mind. Gentlemen who are selling oil stocks, mining shares, or corner lots in the Dismal Swamp acknowledge that fact at once. Workers in great causes who wish me to contribute liberally thereto, Hon's who have been earnestly solicited by their many friends to run for office and hope to get my vote, and the suave representatives of large publishing houses who call upon only the few persons in each community who are of sufficient culture to appreciate the valuable literary works which they are purveying, all tell me so. And, yet, the everyday Toms, Dicks and Harrys, who do not want anything from me, refer to me as 'old man Pester,' and pay no attention whatever to my opinions and theories."

Fully Occupied

THERE seems to have been a pretty bad fire in town here yesterday," said the guest.

"Yes," replied the landlord of the Petunia Tavern. "It probably wouldn't have amounted to very much if the chief of the fire department hadn't been so full of local pride. He was in the midst of a match game of horseshoes with the champeen pitcher of Smackover, and the score had been tied for seven straight innings when the fire bell rang. And as the Smackover sport had dared and double dared the chief to defend the honor of his birthplace till he finally got the game, nacher'ly the chief didn't feel like quitting till he had humbled his adversary to the dust, as it were."

Salvage

"Yessir," said the marketman briskly. "That's five pounds of sirloin, two pounds of bacon, ten pounds of potatoes, and celery, tomatoes and peaches—eleven dollars and sixteen cents—is that all?"

Smith (thinking of his flaccid pay-envelope)—No—er—not quite all—I'm reserving a little for tobacco.

Drawn by J. A. Ryan

Bride—Could anything be more perfect, darling? We've been married a month and haven't had a single falling out yet.

Not His Preference

"NOW, look here, Hooker!" sternly said 'Squire Peavy, "you have been before me so many times that I am tired of seeing you around, and——"

"Yassah!" replied the sable malefactor. "I's been 'sociated wid yo' honah tollable frequent, and dat's a fact. But 'tain't puhsizely muh choice, sah. I's got udder bizness dat I likes better."

Their Experiment

"We had heered a good deal about this yur moral suasion for children, and finally me and wife, we 'lowed to try it on our least boy, Bearcat," confessed Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "It worked first rate, too, after we'd knocked him down and hog-tied him."

Nautical Boy!

Willie, whose father and uncles are all in the Navy, is thoroughly imbued with patriotic caution, which explains the following recent variation in his prayers: "And, O Lord, bless a certain group of naval officers whose names are for oblivious reasons withheld."

Philosophy—Sometimes: *by* Walt Mason

"Uncle" Walt's Exclusive Weekly Message to Judge

WHEN Jones, my neighbor, has bad luck, I sit and moralize all day; I say wise things; I'm never stuck for something sensible to say. My neighbor takes misfortune hard; he lacks my brand of common sense; I hear him cuss around the yard, and kick the pickets from the fence.

I say to him, "Be patient, Jones; philosophy is what you need; why fill the air with rants and groans, and dark blue language gone to seed? Misfortune comes to one and all; 'twill doubtless hit me in a while, and if it does I shall not bawl, but wear a wide and patient smile. A man can bear affliction's sting, he can forget it in a day, if he will only smile and sing, and swear that everything's O. K."

"You blamed old faker," Jones replies, "you are a blemish on the scene; it's mighty easy to be wise, when everything is all serene. Just wait until you're out of luck, until misfortune makes you blue, and then, I'll bet a silver buck that you will paw the landscape, too."

Drawn by E. Flohri

"You Blamed Old Faker," Jones Replies, "You Are a Blemish on the Scene."

Today, before I took my lyre, to grind out this immortal pome, I tried to start the kitchen fire, here in my ivy-mantled home. The wood was damp, the draft was poor, and so I used some kerosene; and then I soared a mile, I'm sure, and landed on the village green. My face was scorched, my hair destroyed, my whiskers were like singèd moss. I said, while sailing through the void, "Philosophy's a total loss."

And when I landed on the loam, I swore because of broken bones; and who should come to help me home, but that blamed lummox, George R. Jones.

"Be patient, friend," I heard him say, "philosophy's the stuff that wins; you can forget grief in a day, if you will spring a line of grins. The wise man doesn't rant around when all his joints are shaken loose; he makes a glad and hopeful sound, and quotes a rhyme from Mother Goose."

"I'm broken now and weak," I said, "but when I'm feeling strong enough, I'll surely punch your doggone head if you don't can that kind of stuff."

Drawn by WALTER DE MARIS

THE AMERICAN IDEA OF "DIGGING IN"

A Flimsy Excuse

"Looky yur, Bearcat!" severely said Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark., addressing his four-year-old son. "Don't try to get out of washing your face before the Presiding Elder comes by saying that you'll have to wash it again tomorrow. No such stuff; we ain't going to have any more company till next Saturday."

A Worthy Cause

Raggles—I'm soliciting subscriptions to pay me funeral expenses.

Dyer—Funeral expenses!

Raggles—Yep. Everybody tells me I'm a dead one.

Age Before Beauty

"Waiter, this is not a very good-looking piece of meat."

"Well, sir, you ordered a plain steak."

Drawn by W. K. STARRETT

GERMAN DIE STUFFS

His Importance

"Dat man 'rived at muh residence," related battered Brother Utterback, "and when I specified how-come dat he was pompousin' all over de place dat-uh-way, he said he was muh wife's fust husband. I axed him how did dat fact 'fect me. He 'nounced dat he would pow'ful soon show me. And he did, too! He slapped and hommered me fum yuh to yander. De gen'leman mought not uh-been muh wife's fust husband, but he sho' was somebody mighty impawtant!"

Hardihood

Some men will attempt anything. There is, for example, the man who announces at the club that he is going to tell a new story.

EDITORIAL

Comment Grave and Gay on Things as They Pass

Hun Humor and Honeyed Propaganda

STRANGE are the workings of the Teuton mind! The latest example of German propagandist idiocy is reported by a correspondent with the American army in Lorraine. This time the propaganda poison takes shape as an alleged humorous weekly called *American Europe*. Its announced purpose is the spreading of "good fellowship among all nations." The editor admonishes his readers to "address all communications to the American in Europe Company, Frankfort," but he fails to give the exact mail route by which he may be reached through the Hindenburg Line. An advertisement of current theatrical performances in the German city invites the attendance of American soldiers. They will accept the invitation in a body, some day soon, and bring their guns with them.

This propagandist sheet is printed in English and is filled with humorous paragraphs and biting cartoons obviously selected for the purpose of destroying our existing cordial relations with our French and English Allies. Copies are regularly sent over the American lines by means of small balloons.

None but a German could imagine this clumsy scheme as affecting the intelligent American fighting man with any other emotion than amused contempt. The Teuton comic paper is comic in more ways than its publishers realize.

The dominantly popular humorous weekly in the American Army and Navy, both at home and abroad, is JUDGE. Thousands of copies are sent "Over There" every week, many of them finding their way to the actual fighting line. The clamor from France is for more and yet more copies of JUDGE. At home the same cry comes from all the great Army Camp and Naval Stations.

"Every copy of JUDGE is read to a frazzle a few hours after its arrival," is the universal testimony of officers, men and camp librarians.

JUDGE is an individual and powerful factor in the maintenance of the high morale of our fighting forces. The cheerful soldier is the victorious soldier and we conceive it our privilege and duty to provide by means of text and picture that quality of good cheer and wholesome humor which most appeals to the alert American mind.

No reader of JUDGE, soldier, sailor or civilian, can ever be fooled for an instant by the wiles of our contemptible contemporary beyond the Rhine.

Drawn by MERLE JOHNSON

"SHAKE?"

Sixes and Sevens

"OUR cause," says Admiral Von Hintze, "is an exalted one." So was Haman's position on the gallows he built for Mordecai.

* * *

Congress is no place for men with limber tongues attached to limburger consciences.

* * *

Before you kick on paying a tax on your occupation stop and think what you'd pay if it were a German occupation.

* * *

Every day we hear of another converted industry. Bryan never expected to live to see Uncle Octopus hitting the sawdust trail.

* * *

Women have so invaded all the standard trades that pedestrians stick to the center of the town, for fear there may be a burglar in the outskirts.

* * *

Dry belt Canadians smuggled booze in packages labeled "electric fixtures." Masters of diction, as well as fiction. Electric fixtures—things you get lit up with, as it were.

A Digest of the World's Humor

The Wittiest Thoughts from the Brightest Minds

WAR

Why "Doughboys"—A doughboy is an American soldier, and American soldiers, infantrymen, artillerymen, medical department, signal corps sharps, officers and men alike, all are called doughboys.

The term "doughboys" dates back to the Civil War when army wit was aroused by large globular brass buttons on infantry uniforms. Somebody (he must have been a sailor) dubbed the buttons "doughboys" because they reminded him of the boiled dumplings of raised dough served in ships' messes and known to all sailors as doughboys. Originally it referred only to an enlisted infantryman, but the A. E. F. applies it to all branches and all grades of the service.—*The Stars and Stripes.*

Cutting Out the Sweets—*Bill*—This war is fierce.

Jill—What's wrong now?

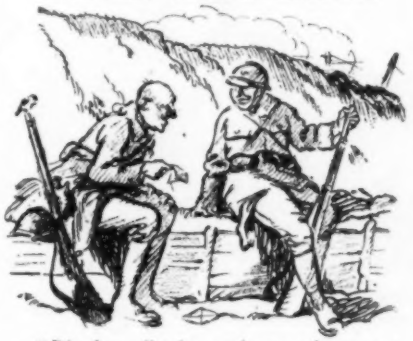
"Why, I got a letter from my girl who is 'Over There' today, and the censor cut out 16 of the 19 postscripts in it."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Why He Was Pleased—He was highly interested in the justly celebrated eclipse of the sun recently. After gazing at it a considerable time through a friend's smoked glass, and returning the glass, he asked to gaze again on the phenomenon.

"You seem greatly interested in the eclipse," the friend suggested.

"Sure I am," was the reply. "It's the first thing I've seen since the war began that hasn't cost me anything."—*Indianapolis News.*

Even That Which He Hath Not



"Dis donc, il m'en arrive une bonne, ma marraine me demande une mèche de mes cheveux."

"Say, what do you think of this! My godmother asks me in this letter for a lock of my hair."—*Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris).*

Those Feathers—When certain soldiers from the antipodes were in New York a little while ago, a woman was heard to say to another:

"There goes one of them Australians."

"How do you know?"

"You can tell by the Kangaroo feathers in his hat."—*Boston Transcript.*

Von Kult's Astronomical Nightmare

"Entre el sol, la lluna i les estrelles, acabareu per fer-me tornar boig."

"Between the sun, moon and stars I'm going out of my wits."—*Campana de Gracia (Barcelona).*

FOOD

Feeding the Baby—The very prosperous-looking gentleman stopped and permitted the very pretty girl to fasten a carnation in his buttonhole. Then he handed her a quarter.

"What is this for?" he asked.

"You have fed a Belgian baby," was the reply.

"Nonsense," said the other, adding a $5 bill to his contribution, "you can't do it. Here, take this, and buy a regular meal for the baby."—*Pittsburg Sun.*

Princely Largesse—"Did you leave the waiter a liberal tip?"

"I surely did," replied Mr. Gripnickel. "I left him two potatoes and half a chop, which, according to the bill of fare, ought to be worth at least a dollar and a quarter."—*Washington Star.*

Chances—"I have arranged things for our watermelon festival. Mr. Flubdub will make a speech. Mr. Fudge will sing. Mr. Wombat has consented to give us a chalk talk."

"What are the chances of getting somebody to contribute a few watermelons?"—*Kansas City Journal.*

May Be as Bad—"Are you quite sure there are no microbes in the food you sell?" asked the fussy woman of the fat baker.

"Quite positive, ma'am," replied the corpulent one; "you see the Government now compels us to use substitutes in everything."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A Clincher

1st Chorus Lady—Besides, you get uglier every day!
2nd Chorus Lady—Another thing that I can do, and you can't.—*Passing Show* (*London*).

PEACE

Unfair—"He took an unfair advantage of me by indulging in personalities."

"What's the matter? Did he call you harsh names?"

"Worse than that. I could have defended myself if he had called me a horse thief or a wife beater. But he chose deliberately to hit at me where I was defenseless."

"What could he have said about you?"

"He referred to the fact that I was once a pacifist."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Compromise à la Hun—Secretary Daniels said at a dinner in Washington:

"The Germans are already beaten, and we must not listen to their pacifist talk about a compromise peace.

"Compromise! Compromise makes me think of the story of Calhoun Clay.

"Cal said to Washington White one evening:

"'Ye know, Wash, I uster steal, but since I got religion I guv it up. Last night, tho, in Peter Smith's shoe-store I seen a pair of cowhide boots jest my size, No. 14, and the devil he says to me, "Take 'em, take 'em," but the Lord says, "No, let 'em alone; it's stealin'."

"'You bet, Wash, I was tempted. I sure wanted them boots. Mine was all busted out at the back and sides. Yep, me and the devil both said, "Take 'em." The Lord said, "No, it's stealin'"; but there was a majority of two to one agin' the Lord. And just then Mr. Peter Smith went inside, and there was my chance.

"'The devil said, "Take 'em quick now and skedaddle." I knowed I could take 'em and stick 'em under my coat, and get right away without nobody ever knowin'. But bress the Lord! Bress the Lord! Bress the Lord, I stood the temptation, Wash. I compromised, and took a pair of low shoes.'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Convincing Correspondent

"*Peut-être que si maintenant tu m'envoyais des notes—*"

"*Mais j'en prépare des notes. J'en prépare même que voici ma nouvelle machine à écrire.*"

"Perhaps if you would send me a few notes now—"

"Yes, I am getting some ready on my new writing machine."—*Petit Bleu* (*Paris*).

BORES

Strategy—"Let us cut across the street."

"What's the matter?"

"I see an acquaintance coming who was in London during a Zeppelin raid. I haven't time this morning to hear him tell about it."

"Leave him to me. I'll introduce him to a man who was on board a neutral steamer when it was torpedoed by a submarine."—*Kennebec Journal.*

She Knew Him—"You won't object if I go on with my knitting while we talk, will you, Mr. Boreleigh? I always think that one should keep one's mind occupied."—*Boston Transcript.*

Justifying Himself—"Another agent? I really can't see you."

"Then it's lucky I called. I represent Dr. Wombat, the eminent optician."—*Kansas City Journal.*

JOURNALISM

The Proper Diagnosis—"You misled me about that story of young Swift," complained the cub reporter. "You stated that he died of auto-intoxication, and here I find that he was killed trying to beat a train to the crossing in his super-six."

"Well, ain't I right?" snapped the cynical informant.—*Ginger.*

Cheered Him Up—*Caller*—I sent you a poem about three weeks ago. What have you done with it?

Editor—I'm holding it. Every little while lately I get to thinking that we are not getting out as good a paper as we ought, and then I take that poem and see how much worse the sheet might be, and that makes me cheerful again. Say, how much'll you take for it?—*Boston Transcript.*

No Pleasing Some People—This town has all the modern improvements, but they are in no shape to do anyone any good. The swimming pool has no water in it, the town clock has no hands, and the jail has a hole in it.—*Butler Democrat.*

A Wish—Martin Blake became the daddy of a boy yesterday and it tickled him so he came in and paid what he owed us on subscription. We wish it had been twins.—*Wardsville* (*Neb.*) *Times.*

YOUNGSTERS

Nothing Left—"What did your father say when he broke his pipe, Walter?"

"Shall I leave out the wicked words, mother?"

"Why, certainly, dear."

"Then I don't believe there is anything to tell you, mother."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Holding Her Age—Ruth, six, was much interested in the visitor who engaged her in conversation.

"Have you any children?" the child inquired.

"Oh, yes; I have three."

"How old are they?"

"One is nine and one is eleven and one is fourteen."

"How much is nine and eleven?"

"Nine and eleven are twenty."

"And how much is fourteen more?"

"Twenty and fourteen would be thirty-four."

Gazing in admiration at the pretty face of the visitor, Ruth exclaimed:

"Well, nobody to look at you would imagine you had been married thirty-four years."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

His Mother's Accomplishment—Theodore, aged four, was visiting relatives in the country. He stood watching his aunt preparing to light the kitchen fire, and observing his interest, she inquired if his mother too burned wood.

"No," he answered, dejectedly, "she don't burn wood." Then his eyes lighted up and he added, triumphantly, "But she burns the dinner sometimes!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

Apologia Pro Vita Sua—On Johnny's first day at school he was given a registration card on which his mother was to write his birth record. The following day he arrived tardy and without the registration slip.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "you must bring an excuse for being tardy, and don't forget the slip about when you were born."

All out of breath next day Johnny rushed in holding a note from his mother.

"Teacher," he gasped, "I brought the one about being tardy, but I forgot my excuse for being born."—*St. Louis Post-Despatch.*

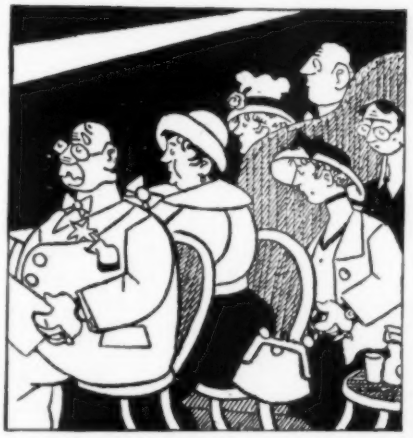
The Effect of Environment—A spinster in a certain city was a most notable housekeeper, and the immaculate neatness and order pervading every room had made a deep impression upon her small but observant niece.

One day the little girl returned home after a tea party at Auntie's and in an awed tone said:

"Mother, I saw a *fly* in Auntie's house, but," after a second's thought, "it was washing itself."—*Harper's Magazine.*

His Big Bertha—*Office Boy* (to waitress)—Miss, bring me something with onions in it, please—I got a half-holiday the last time I ate them for lunch.—*London Tit-Bits.*

Applied Movie Science



"It's amazing the way this master detective knows everything. We'll have them give us his address at the office as we go out and perhaps he can tell us where one can still get a decent glass of beer."—*Der Brummer (Berne, Switzerland).*

GOLF

Paid in Full—*Caddie*—I got the ball we lost this morning, sir—got it from a small boy.

Golfer—Good! What did you give him for it?

Caddie—A biff on the jaw.—*Boston Transcript.*

Still Ahead—*First Clergyman* (who is beating the other badly at golf)—Never mind, Martin. You wait till you are saying the burial service over my grave."

Second Clergyman—But, my good fellow, even then it will be your hole!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

Opie's Explanation—Opie Read was playing a three-handed match with two other players named Sterrett and Adams. Read sliced his drive and the ball went into an abandoned quarry, where he descended after it.

Presently the two waiting outside heard a series of whacks, and after a bit out comes the ball with Read in hot pursuit.

"How many shots in the quarry?" asked Adams.

"Three," said Read.

Adams turned to Sterrett and they both laughed. "Why," said he, "Bill and I heard six plainly."

"I know," said Read, "but three of them were echoes."—*Boston Transcript.*

Overweighted

"That old gentleman who moves along so slowly is Sir Drivel Dudd, Permanent Head of the Sealing Wax Department. He's got a long string of letters after his name, and now they've just made him an M.U.T.T."

"Poor old chap! His honors are evidently breaking his back."—*Passing Show (London).*

The Boche Gets a Shock

1917. America? Bah! Not worth considering.

1918–1919. Heavens, how that fellow has grown!—*L'Asino (Rome)*.

HUNS

Pride—In years to come, we suppose, an ex-member of the Prussian Guards, gathering his wondering little grandchildren about him in the inglenook, will tell them with pride of how in the great war he proved himself almost as good a soldier as a young dry-goods clerk from America with six months' training.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Wrong Ammunition—The man who invented an "African dodger" contrivance for county fairs, with a dummy of the kaiser as the target, had to give up the idea because most of his customers wanted to throw brickbats instead of baseballs.—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Foresight—The new Hun helmet is specially designed to protect the neck. How wise! That is just where Germany is going to get it.—*London Opinion.*

Echo from the Hindenburg Line—"You still insist that this is not a retreat?"

"Yes, well!" shouted General Dumkopf. "This is no retreat. This is a problem in rapid transit."—*Washington Star.*

Kultur's Standard—The Prussian idea of some one you can trust is some one you can either fool or buy.—*Ohio State Journal.*

The Fitting Phrase—*The kaiser*—Rosner, don't these damnable French have a phrase that fits them and their diabolical associates?

Rosner—Your Majesty must be thinking of the Entente Terrible.—*New York Evening Post.*

The Beauty of It—"This is a beautiful specimen of German helmet."

"What is there particularly beautiful about it?"

"It has eight bullet holes through it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

More Prussian Law—"Don't let me forget this idea when the next international law is written," said the Prussian Admiral.

"What is it?" queried the counsellor.

"It should be provided that when anybody is sailing U-boats in the ocean the use of depth bombs should be prohibited."—*Washington Star.*

Never Satisfied

"Alors, ça y est . . . , les jours sans viande sont supprimés. . . . S'il faut acheter maintenant de la viande tous les jours, je ne vais pas comment je vais y arriver.

"Well, there you are. Meatless days have been discontinued. If from now on I have to buy meat every day, I don't know how I'll ever make out."—*Le Rire (Paris).*

CULLUD UNS

His Problem—Senator Smith of Georgia said at an Atlanta luncheon: "German militarism set out to overrun the world. Before the disasters that have befallen it, however, German militarism must now be feeling a good deal like Cal Clay. Calhoun Clay of Paint Rock was fishing for tarpon in Florida, and he hooked such a big one that it pulled him overboard. As Cal went over the side of the boat and tore through the water in the tarpon's wake, he said: 'What Ah wants to know is dis—is dis niggah a-fishin', or dis fish a-niggerin'?'"—*Atlanta Journal.*

No Lack of Opportunity—"Mammy, she'll sure be pleased," wrote Caroline Jess. "She done said when I came No'th: 'Chile, yo'll nebber git no place in New Yawk—an' here I's done had seben places de fust month!"—*Harper's Monthly.*

Slightly Agitated—George Washington Jones, late of Atlanta, was making his first trip frontward on a supply wagon—with not much farther to go—when from the side of the road a camouflaged American battery broke forth thunderously, sending a few 300-pound tokens over the line to Fritz. The ground trembled from the salvo, but not any more than George, as he jumped from the high seat to the road. The American artillery officer in charge of the battery crossed over to the road. "Scared?" he demanded. "Well," George said, "Ah was slightly agitated at fust. Ah suttingly was. But keep right on. Dat's the only way to win this wah—fiah dem guns."—*Atlanta Journal.*

WHEEZES

Tender Hearted—Seth Stearns, the premier hunter of Wisconsin, is at loss to account for the chicken-heartedness of the modern hunter and his disinclination to kill. Maybe the modern hunter is like the fellow who stalked a hippopotamus, raised his rifle to shoot and then put it down again, saying, "By jove, I can't do it! She looks so much like an aunt of mine!"—*Buffalo News.*

A Home Repeater—"Good morning."

"Good morning."

"You remember that house you sold me last week?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I had my wife up to see it yesterday, and now I want to sell it back to you again."

"But you said you admired the house."

"I did."

"What fault do you find with it now?"

"It has an echo in it."

"That doesn't hurt it."

"Yes it does."

"In what way?"

"When my wife scolds me for staying out late the blamed old house will repeat it six or seven times, and gosh, how I do hate nagging!"—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Much Cheaper—*Bill*—He said I had some trouble with my stomach.

Gill—What was it?

"I don't know. He called it by some very long word."

"And did you consult a physician?"

"No; I consulted a dictionary."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Irish, Both—*Aged Criminal* (who has just got a life sentence)—Oh, yer honor, I shall never live to do it.

Judge (soothingly)—Never mind! Do as much of it as you can.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Gnusance—The *Chronicle* announces that "a white-bearded gnu has been born at the Zoo"—an item we would rather have expected to find in the *Evening Gnus.*—*London Opinion.*

Room for One Only—*Down*—What's the matter, old chap? You look broken up.

Brown—Yes, I've got a cold or something in my head.

Down—Oh, it must be a cold!—*London Tit-Bits.*

Up-To-Date

(Barbara and Alan having been considerably disturbed by the attentions of a blue-bottle fly.)

Barbara—I believe he has flown out of the window.

Alan—Oh, no, he hasn't; he's only shut off his engine.—*Tatler (London).*

Drink Delusions—A couple of old rounders were sitting in a bar-room imbibing cocktails. Presently one of them remarked: "Do you know, Bill, I think I'll buy this hotel."

"Wait till we've had a few more drinks," said Bill, "and I'll sell it to you."—*Boston Transcript.*

COURTSHIP

Her Curiosity—*Miss Sharp*—Can it be true that you made a bet at your club that if you proposed to me I would accept you?

Mr. Flighty—Well, I've proposed. Will you?

Miss Sharp—How much did you bet?—*London Answers.*

The Trouble—*She*—Alice and I can hardly understand each other over the phone.

He—Well, talk one at a time.—*Boston Transcript.*

Times Change—"Twenty years ago I wanted to propose to you, but you were such a belle that I lacked the nerve."

"Perhaps it is just as well. I would have refused you then. As it is——"

She rested her head on his shoulder at this point.—*Kansas City Journal.*

Craft—"Father, if James should ask permission to marry me I want you to withhold your consent."

"Don't you want to marry him?"

"Yes, and I'm going to, but I don't want him to get the notion that you're anxious to get rid of me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Soothing His Fears—*He*—I understand your father said if he found me here again he would kick me out of the door.

She—Oh, don't worry; father's punting is wretched.—*Boston Transcript.*

Shameless Extravagance

"Quelle gâcheuse! Un pareil costume au moment de la crise du papier!"

"Ain't she unpatriotic!—wearin' a robe like that when paper's so scarce!"—*Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris).*

Caught in the Act

Foch—Knuppel uit den zak!
Foch—Drop that sack!—*De Amsterdammer (Amsterdam).*

MOVIES

A Case of Suspense—In a South Side home the other evening, a small boy said to his mother:

"Mama, I want to go to the movies."

"You can't go tonight," the mother firmly replied.

"But I want to go tonight especially."

"Why?"

"To see the neglected wife."

"What about the neglected wife?"

"She is at the theater every Tuesday."

"Well, I can't help that, you can't go."

"You oughta seen where I left her last week. The other woman had decoyed her away into a big boat and it was sailing out to sea—"

"Yes—"

"And there was a big can of dynamite in the boat, with a long fuse onto it—"

"Yes, yes, yes—"

"And the fuse was burning closer and closer—"

"Go on, go on—"

"And just when it was within an inch of the can a notice comes on the screen."

"What does it say on the notice?"

"'*To be continued next Tuesday.*'"

"And that's today?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you can go, but I shall go with you. I can't have you going two blocks away from the home after dark without somebody going along, and *hurry up.*"—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Cooperation—"Why did you put up your city hall to look like an ancient castle?"

"Well, the movie people pay a good bit of taxes here, and they said it would be a great help in filming medieval scenes."—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

The Climate—"What is this picture?"

"Fall of Babylon."

"U-m. Judging from the costumes they had a warm fall in those parts."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

War-Time Stoicism

"Tu pleures parce qu'y a pas de bonbons. Ben, quéqu'tu dirais quand tu seras un homme et qu'tu seras obligé comme moi de fumer du jonc parce qu'y a plus de mégots?"

"Crying because you haven't any candy? What would you do if you were a man like me and had to smoke rushes because there are no more butts?"—*Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris).*

WORDS

Easy to Remember—Dr. Reid, a celebrated medical writer, was requested by a literary lady to call at her house, and he said he would be charmed to do so.

"You won't forget the address," she said. "No. 1 Chesterfield street."

"Madam," said the doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness not to remember Chesterfield, and, I fear, too selfish to forget No. 1."—*Boston Transcript.*

Where He Belonged—*Sergeant*—Now, then! Line up alphabetically for pay. What's your name, my lad?

Private—Philips, sir.

Sergeant—Well, what yer doing up here? Get back among the F's at once. —*Pearson's Weekly.*

Peek-a-Boo—The Peak Pitschener at Chamonix has been renamed the Peak Wilson. This will pique the Kaiser.—*London Opinion.*

BUSINESS

Bound to Rise—"Now do you think you can be satisfied on $10 a week?"

"No, sir. I'll immediately begin trying to make myself worth fifteen."

He got the job.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Knew His Business—"As you never work, Sponger, I don't understand why you take such interest in trade reports."

"Well, when other men are prosperous I find it easier to make a touch."—*Boston Transcript.*

Ready to Start—The smart young man—his school honors thick upon him, and his intention to teach the world in general and his father in particular the manner in which up-to-date commerce should be conducted—stood earnestly holding forth in his father's office.

"You may rely upon me," he was saying, with perfervid emphasis, "I will devote my whole life to the interests of the business. It shall be my aim and ambition to keep the family name free from stain."

"Good!" said the old man, gruffly. "That's the spirit. Tell the office-boy to give you the whitening and ammonia; then go and polish up the brass nameplate at the door."—*London Tit-Bits.*

JUST KIDS

Then Ma Sent Her to Bed—"Pa, did you fall in love with ma at first sight?"

"Yes, my dear. But it was a year or so after we were married that the doctors discovered that I should have worn glasses much sooner than I did."—*Detroit Free Press.*

All Small Boys Would—A small boy would consider the hoarding of soap as not only unpatriotic but extremely foolish.—*Detroit News.*

Stuck—*Small Boy* (to country postmaster)—Mother ses this 'ere stamp is a wrong 'un. Father's licked it, mother's licked it, me sister's licked it, and we've all licked it, and it won't stick.—*London Tit-Bits.*

Changed His Mind—Much against his wishes, Bobby was undergoing a vigorous bath. Mother was a little severe in her rubbing, and Bobby glanced up angrily and sputtered out through the soap, "I don't like you—"

He was warned not to repeat that. When the cleaning process began again he repeated, "I don't like"—Mother's hand was raised quickly—"the Germans."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Treasure Trove—For some reason the Sunday-school class had become interested in Methuselah. At their urgent request the teacher related all the authentic information recorded in the Bible about that amazing man, also various anecdotes gleaned from less reliable sources. In conclusion, he said:

"Now, is that all? Are there any further questions you would like to ask about Methuselah?"

"I'd like to know," said the most interested youngster of the lot, "where all his birthday presents are buried."—*Galveston News.*

The Terrible Twins

A Double Trouble—*John Bull (London).*

Closer Than a Brother—"Another difference between plants and animals," said the teacher, "is that plants are not susceptible of attachment to man as animals are."

"How about burrs, teacher?" piped a small boy who had passed the summer in the country.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Happy Student—in France

A Lesson in French Verbs—*Bystander (London).*

BAD BREAKS

Looking at Some Papers, Too—Looking at conditions today it is easy to understand why Dr. Johnson defined patriotism as "the last refuge of a scoundrel."—*The Hearst American.*

Yes, Dr. Johnson was a shrewd observer.—*New York World.*

Our Devoted Livers—*Foreign Newspaper*—To the vindication of this principle, the people of the United States are ready to devote their LIVER, their honor, and everything they possess.—*Boston Transcript.*

His Size—"My wife asked me to bring home a head of cabbage."

"Yes, sir; large head or small head?"

"Oh, about 7¼," said the man absent-mindedly.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Nuisances?—"Any parents who have difficulty in obtaining Milk for Children under five years of age are requested to consult the undersigned, who will give the matter immediate attention. A.——, Inspector of Nuisances, Town Hall."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

We don't like the tone of this at all.—*Punch.*

Nautical—"The Aerated Bread Company, whose tea-ships are spread all over London."—*Daily Mail.*

In fact, any afternoon, in all parts of the town, you may observe their large "sales."—*London Passing Show.*

Thrilling—"Good U-boat news . . . We have sunk many more than have been built."—*London Daily Dispatch.*

Too good to be true, we fear!—*London Passing Show.*

No Chance—"Respectable girl, over forty, wishes situation as housekeeper."—*Dundalk Democrat.*

Well—if she isn't respectable at that age, she never will be!—*London Passing Show.*

Music and Mortality: *By* Lawton Mackall

IS it essential to opera that somebody die? Can't a music drama be adequately enjoyable unless some ill-fated *Mimi* expires in the attic, or some luckless *Radames* suffocates in the temple cellar?

Old man Aristotle, the original first-nighter, says that tragedy "purges the emotions through pity and fear." Evidently he never turned his mother-of-pearl binoculars upon the diamond horseshoe at the Metropolitan Opera House when *Violetta* was stoutly singing her last. No vulgar emotional processes to be found there: merely genteel interest in noting whether the lady succumbs nicely or obesely.

No, Aristotle never grasped the idea of grand opera. It was over his head socially. He was too naively popular, poor dear. The manager of the Coliseum in ancient Rome, or even the impresario of the bull-ring in modern Madrid, could have told him that plutocratic shows are most effective when tragic; because tragedy always seems more extravagant. There is a luxurious abandon, a what-do-we-care-for-expense lavishness about exhibiting star characters only to kill them off. The showman who will willingly sacrifice high-class heroes and heroines for your amusement is a dead game sport, worthy of catering to patricians.

"Rather well done, don't you think?" one of the Vestal Virgins would remark to the other as they sat in their ringside box, watching the gladiators play crosstag with the lions. "Though I must say that jaguar seems a little hoarse this evening."

"Yes, I'm glad I told Jacobus not to bring the chariot until later."

"Rather well done, don't you think?" remarks one of the Amalgamated Zinc virgins in their parterre box as unhappy *Madame Butterfly* prepares to use the snicker snee.

"Yes, I wonder if I could get a kimono like that at Vantine's."

And it is so with canned opera in the home. When conversation sags and the dutiful wife can't think of anything more to say to her husband's financially delightful business acquaintance from out-of-town, she cranks the phonograph and lets Caruso break his heart, for a little diversion.

Moreover it is not the rich alone who have the privilege of enjoying anguished arias. Bargain price organizations like the San Carlo Company, which had a successful season here at the Shubert Theatre this autumn, give popular imitations of the genuinely swagger suffering, so that even people of small means may obtain opera with a full quota of fatalities.

But now there has appeared an organization called the Society of American Singers, which has the wild idea that opera should be bright and cheerful. They are presenting standard European specimens of *opéra comique*—works that are truly musical and yet non-gloomy. The merriment is mild, to be sure, but the sentiment is pretty though naive and the melodies delightful.

Their performances have been creditable but with weak spots. "The Daughter of the Regiment," sparkling with the tunefulness of the composer of "Lucia," afforded David Bispham opportunities for displaying his well-known ability as singer and actor. "Mignon" was made notable by Maggie Teyte in the rôle of the gypsy girl. Henri Scott as *Lothario* was also excellent. Ruth Miller as *Philine* was satisfactory, as were the singers who took the lesser rôles. But the tenor——!

He was large and complaisant, with a hot-potato-in-the-mouth voice that filled his hearers with a desire to commit murder. In emotional scenes he spoke and acted with the sympathy and passion of a haystack.

Wondering whence this blatant being had sprung, I consulted the handy press agent article in the Sunday *Times* and learned to my great edification that the gentleman was "a product of the great American desert. His family had been pioneers . . . and he was raised as a cowboy, leading the wild, free life of the plains. At an early age he showed a strong musical instinct and started his career as an artist by playing the trumpet in the local band.

"Through this work he gained a certain poise and freedom, it is said, which has since been characteristic of his singing. He, also, gained as a musician more or less notoriety in Utah . . . ."

But considering their otherwise delightful productions, the Society of American Singers deserves to be forgiven even him.

Photo by Sarony.

It's after midnight, and Simone d'Herlys, a Ziegfeld lady, is still patiently holding up our sign. But you're wrong about her costume: it's a Greek dancing gown, with slippers to match and doubled-crossed with ribbon.

Bright Bits *from* New Plays

From "TEA FOR THREE"

"Even you don't like to hear the truth about your husband. Few women do, even though they realize it better than any outsider possibly could."

Jack Hazzardous cookery in "THE GIRL BEHIND THE GUN." *As Pierre Breval, a motor corps mechanic transferred to the culinary service for farce reasons, he is concocting assorted frightfulness, goaded on by a recipe book.*

PIERRE (*Français for Pete*):
Stewed prunes with fish
Is a dainty dish—
Consult page 23.

From "FIDDLERS THREE"

HIM: Have you ever thought seriously of getting married?*

HER: Yes; that's why I stayed single.†

**Hal Skelly as "Sam Wrigglesberry."*
†Louise Groody as "Gilda Varelli."

From "HUMPTY DUMPTY"

BARBER (Otis Skinner): Your hair, sir—

CUSTOMER: What's the matter with it?

"Dandruff, sir."

"I like dandruff."

"Getting rather thin on top, sir."

"I like it thin. Less trouble to brush. I never had a worse shave—never."

"I shave a great many gentlemen, sir."

"I'll bet you don't often shave the same one—twice."

Tent and Deck

Wheezes Military and Naval

JUDGE *pays $1 each for original jokes sent by soldiers and sailors and accepted for publication, and each week $5 is awarded for the best original joke received*

The Army Way

By Lieut. John D. Curtis

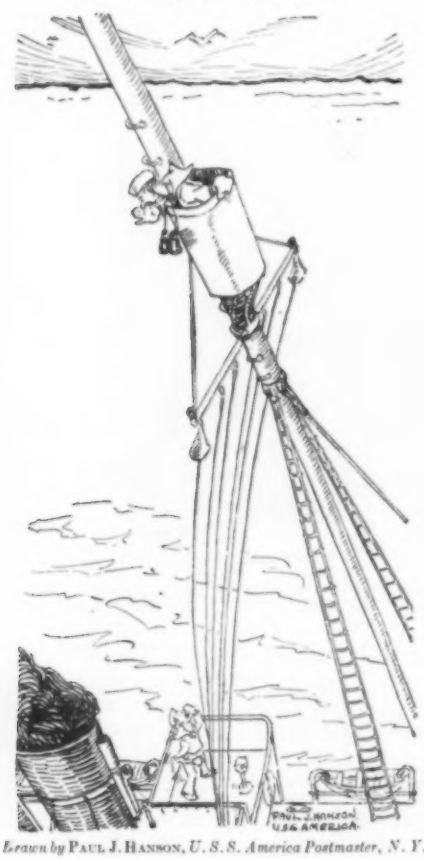
FIRST Sergeant (standing beside bunk of private who had been late for reveille the past week)—Thompson, why are you not up and dressed and ready to fall out?

Private Thompson (with a stretch and yawn, looking up at the sergeant)—Why, what time is it, Sergeant?

Sergeant—You have just two minutes to get dressed and be out in line.

Private Thompson (stretching and falling back in bed)—Oh, gee! One more minute to sleep!

The City-Bred Mariner



Drawn by Paul J. Hanson, *U. S. S. America Postmaster, N. Y.*

Boot (Rookie lookout): Ship ahead!

Bridge: How far?

Lookout: About a block or block and a half.

Bridge: What! What!

Lookout: Well, maybe two blocks!

Bridge: Where th' h— do you think you are? On Broadway?

Bam!

Drawn by Pvt. Milt Gross, *Co. F, 64th Infantry, A. E. F.*

Sergeant—Missed it again! Y' wanna ruin that axe hittin' th' dirt all the time?

This Week's $5 Prize Winner

In Pastures New

By Sapper Jack A. MacLachlan, *B Co., A.E.R.B., C.E.T.C., North Camp, England.*

SAMMIE had a good "hand." It was such a gilt-edged cinch, he figured, that he made no attempt to hide his excitement. Thus far the stakes were of the shilling variety and Uncle Sam's representative piloted his way with a minimum of puzzling. But now the big "Canuck" opposite had something real good and he pulled out a paper note.

"I bet a pound," he said.

Poor Sammie! This was a new one on him and the wind went right out of his sails. But only for a second. His hand dived into his breeches, a broad smile decorated his features.

"Well, pardners," said he, "I don't know what a 'pound' is, but I raise a TON!"

Must Have Been the Surroundings

By Pvt. Louis K. Anderson, *Quartermaster Corps, U. S. A.*

Here is a conversation that took place between two of our men recently:

Corporal—What are we going to have for dinner?

Private—Some kind of steak.

Corporal—Hamburger?

Private—No.

Corporal—Porterhouse?

Private—No, I forget, . . . O yes, I know! Beef—that's it—beefsteak.

It might have been the surroundings, but anyway something about it struck us as funny.

The Impressionist

By Pvt. William Baumel, *Co. E, 59th Pioneers' Inf., Camp Dix N. J.*

THE new recruits got their whole outfit but their hat cords. They didn't want the rest of the boys to know that they were rookies, so they went to the canteen and bought blue cords, which stand for the infantry. One Italian boy stood up at reveille the next morning with a red cord. The captain called him out and said:

"Tony, don't you know that you should have a blue cord on your hat instead of a red one?"

But Tony said, saluting the captain:

"Me like da red better dan da blue."

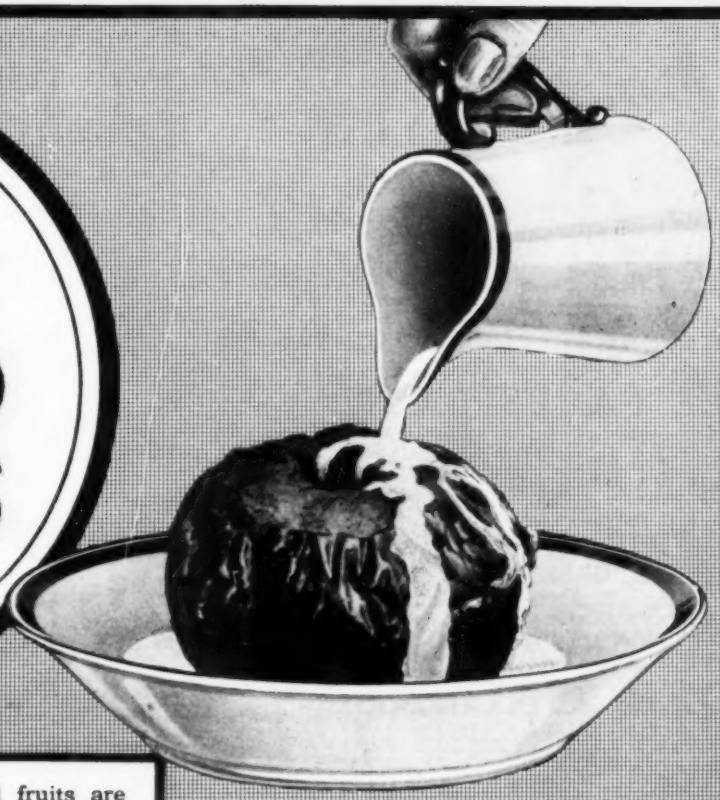
See-Saw

Drawn by Pvt. Raymond H. Lufkin, *130th Squadron, Aviation Mechanics Training School, St. Paul, Minn.*

Private Phateeg: Awright, Bill, one more shove and we'll have it up.

Private DeTayle: Up! Why, you dumb rookie, I've been trying to get it *down!*

Use plenty of BAKED APPLES



USE plenty of baked apples. Cooked fruits are recommended by the Food Administration.

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TEA FOR THREE

The Teat

By JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

THE mouse said to the fair young cheese,
"I love you with love untold."
Quoth Miss de Brie, "But tell me, please,
Will you love me when I mould?"

Sacrifices

When a man marries he makes a good many sacrifices. He is ready to give up everything but his pipe, his cocktail, his pals, his dinners, his golf and his club.

Broadway and Thereabouts

Vest-Pocket (or Vanity Bag) Guide to the New York Theaters

By L. M.

AWAKENING, THE—*Criterion.* Russian melodrama with ballet filling.

DADDIES—*Belasco.* Well-trained war orphans adopted unanimously by a bachelor club.

EVERYTHING—*Hippodrome.* Tremendous activity in the tank top salient.

FIDDLERS THREE — *Cort.* Much ado about violins, with merriment by Louise Groody and Hal Skelley.

FOLLIES OF 1918—*Globe.* Safely back from Boston.

FOREVER AFTER—*Central.* By sheer force of personality, Alice Brady brings life to a dying lover and a weak play.

FREEDOM—*Century.* Spectacular representation of each patriot's well-known perquisite.

FRIENDLY ENEMIES—*Hudson.* Hyphenate excitement.

GIRL BEHIND THE GUN, THE—*New Amsterdam.* Musical show with French uniforms and friskiness to match.

GOING UP—*Liberty.* Airplane male for a lady.

HEAD OVER HEELS—*Geo. M. Cohan.* Mitzi in zestful stunts.

IDEAL HUSBAND, AN—*Comedy.* His wife thinks he is, but someone (fem.) knows better.

INFORMATION, PLEASE—*Selwyn.* Jane Cowl, as a venturesome wife, defends the danger line of flirtation.

I. O. U.—*Belmont.* Mary Nash contracts a melodramatic debt.

KEEP HER SMILING—*Astor.* Fondness and finance.

LIGHTNIN'—*Gaiety.* Heart-interest comedy of Reno and outlying districts.

MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS, THE—*Casino.* She is captured by a cruel governor named William Danforth.

MATINEE HERO, THE—*Vanderbilt.* Leo Ditrichstein exhibits his popular technique as a lady-killer.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC—*Cocoanut Grove.* Delicacies to eat and look at.

MIDNIGHT REVUE—*Century Grove.* Witches of the witching hour.

NOTHING BUT LIES—*Longacre.* Willie Collier jilts Miss Veracity.

OH, YES!—*Princess.* Third of the Oh! trilogy.

OPERA COMIQUE—*Park.* Cheerful shows of the time when music was music.

PASSING SHOW OF 1918—*Winter Garden.* Of small interest to the blind.

PENROD—*Punch and Judy.* Machinations of a kid brother.

REDEMPTION—*Plymouth.* John Barrymore in darkest Moscow.

SAVING GRACE, THE—*Empire.* Cyril Maude dallies pleasantly through an innocently English comedy.

SECRET, LE—*Vieux Colombier.* Dramatic revelation of how little French you know.

SHE WALKED IN HER SLEEP—*Playhouse.* And no one to guide her!

SLEEPING PARTNERS—*Bijou.* None too somnolent.

SOMETIME—*Shubert.* Hopes to be *Maytime's* successor.

TEA FOR THREE—*Maxine Elliott.* Neatly pointed triangle.

THREE FACES EAST—*Cohan & Harris.* Greatest spy concentration on record.

UNDER ORDERS—*Eltinge.* Two's the company.

UNKNOWN PURPLE, THE—*Lyric.* Richard Bennett as a hair-raising color-schemer.

WALK-OFFS, THE — *Morosco.* Alleged New York life as wicked as the Hattons can make it.

WANDERER, THE—*Manhattan.* The prodigal son meets a daughter of Eve.

WATCH YOUR NEIGHBOR—*Booth.* Farce and spy stuff nonchalantly mixed.

WHERE POPPIES BLOOM—*Republic.* Western front melodrama lightened by Percival Knight.

Besides, It Would Revive Old Longings

The manager of the new theater was a wise guy. He had a poor stock company and he knew it. So, when the opening night came, the audience saw this advice on the curtain:

"Food will win the war. Please don't throw it at the actors."

Judge

The mission of this publication is to preach the gospel of cheerfulness

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TENT AND DECK

Continued from Third Previous Page

The Last Extremities

By PVT. F. L. PEOPLES, *Hdqr. Co., 5th Regt., Signal Det., U. S. M. C., A. E. F., France.*

A DETACHMENT of travel-worn Marines arrived "Somewhere Else in France" about three o'clock one rainy morning, and were led by the billeting officer and C. O. to their future quarters.

"Is there room for all hands?" asked the C. O.

"Maybe, but where do we put our feet?" came from one of the prospective boarders.

Versatile

By PVT. RALPH ROSENTHAL, *School for Bakers and Cooks, Camp Hancock, Ga.*

Mess Sergeant (buying supplies, to Pat the cook)—Hey, Pat! How about some carp?

Pat (with thoughts back on the ould sod)—Shure an' I played one in the ould co..ry.

Mess Sergeant—You did what?

Pat—Played a harp, I sez.

Mess Sergeant—You big bonehead, I'm talking about carp—fish—*CARP*—not harp.

Pat (nonchalantly)—Bedad an' I can play that too.

Virginia Aloofness

By JOSEPH W. HURD, *Sea. 2Cl., Co. M, 4th Regt., Camp Perry, Ill.*

New Chaplain (speaking to several thousand sailors)—My, what a fine bunch of sailors! Let me see the hands of the fellows from Virginia, my birthplace. (No hands.)

Chaplain—Surely there must be some one here from Virginia! (No response.)

Chaplain—What, no one here from Virginia?

Petty Officer—There are two here in camp from Virginia, but they are in the brig.

"THE MAN IN THE MOON"

is the title of this attractive picture. It is a reproduction of one of Judge's recent covers, *in full colors*, mounted on a heavy mat, 11 x 14, ready for framing. We will send it, postage free, for twenty-five cents, cash or stamps.

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Come Early and Avoid the Rush

By PVT. JOHN H. MCCONNELL, *San. Det. 126th F. A., Ft. Sill, Okla.*

A regiment of artillery in a Southern camp was granted permission to wear leather puttees, and as the men all wished to purchase them the supply in the nearby town was soon exhausted and some had to do without. It happened that at this time a large photograph had been posted in the canteen, showing a stretch of No Man's Land between the trenches, with boots, caps, clothing and spoils of war piled high on the ground and hanging on the barbed-wire entanglements. A sergeant, while making a purchase, noticed one of his men deeply engrossed in the photograph. He stepped over to get a closer view of the picture, and then turning to the private, remarked: "That is sure a terrible-looking place, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's all of that," returned the private. "But say, wouldn't that be a fine place to pick up a good pair of leather puttees!"

A Slight Afterthought

By PVT. ELIAS PASVOLSKY, *Ord. Co. B, 2nd Bat., Edgewood Arsenal, Md.*

Two privates met the company mail clerk on the road.

"Any mail for me?" asked the first private.

The mail orderly put on his spectacles, looked through a bunch of letters and handed one to the questioner.

"Any for me?" queried the second private.

The custodian of the mails readjusted the spectacles on his nose, looked once more through the pack of letters and said there were none.

"Not even a newspaper?" insisted the private.

Again he looked through the packages and finally said:

"Nope, none for yuh!"

The privates had gone but a few steps on their way when the orderly yelled after them:

"Hey there! Darned if I know you! What's your name, anyhow?"

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A Natural Inference

Sergeant R. L. Ustick, of A Company, is responsible for this one:

"Wonder what branch of the allied service the Poles are going into?" one of the —— Engineers asked not long ago.

"Signal Corps, probably," replied Sergeant Ustick.—*The Spiker.*

No Time for Argument

Captain—Private Jones, where did you get those Germans?

Private Jones—I captured seven of them in "No Man's Land."

Captain—But you have only five here.

Private Jones—Yes, sir; two of them started to argue the matter.—*Pass in Review.*

Quit!

Pills, laxatives, saline waters and purgatives will not cure that constipated habit—you ought to know it by this time. Be sensible—you have been whipping your bowels shamelessly into action, and weakening their natural functioning more and more. Now you are full of ailments—your system is up-set—your blood is poisoned—you are sluggish and dull witted—your food will not digest well—you lack stamina—you are nervous, listless, lack ambition—have no energy—no vitality—you are failing in manhood—it's all your own fault. No matter what your condition or ailment may be—under my method of physical and health upbuilding known as

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FUN *from the* FIGHTERS

Good Things in Our Army and Navy Publications

Some Arms

The captain had the company of recruits lined up for their first drill.

Captain—Inspection arms!

One big recruit put his rifle between his knees, rolled up his sleeves, held out his arms and asked:

"How does them look, Captain?"—*Pass in Review.*

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NAVY
210
WAITAMINUTE... WAITAMINUTE... DO YA THINK YOU'RE FUNNY OR SUMPIN'? WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SALUTING THAT DUMMY?
WHY YOU POOR GOOF!! RIGHT IN THE "BLUE JACKETS MANUAL IT SAYS: "IT'S NOT THE MAN YOU'RE SALUTING IT'S THE UNIFORM!!
PIERCE

Seaman Si—Let your Manual be your guide.—*Great Lakes Bulletin.*

Why He Studied It

"Guess I'll have to take up ventriloquism," said the far-sighted, long-headed buck.

"What's the idea?" asked his comrade-in-arms, "do you want to talk after taps without getting caught?"

"Tain't that," said the first buck. "I want to stay in bed after reveille and yell 'here' from my bunk, when my name is called out in front of the hut."—*The Spiker.*

Maybe He Did

"So I says to the General, 'Look here.'"
—*Trench and Camp.*

Absent, With Leave

"Why doesn't George call on her any more?"

"Well, it is this way. They were sitting on the front porch talking mushy talk and she asked: 'Whose 'ittle cootie are you?'"—*Pass in Review.*

Which?

A sign on the Hostess house informs Wednesday visitors that only friends or relatives of men on the Station may enter there.

A fair visitor stepped up to the door and was stopped by a guard.

"Only friends or relatives of the men on the Station allowed," he said.

"But I am the wife of one of the chiefs in the Administration Building," said the visitor.

"Well," mused the guard, "I suppose that would come under friend or relative."—*Great Lakes Bulletin.*

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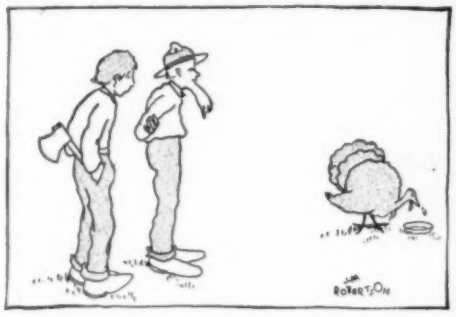

THE CONFERENCE.

—*Gargoyle.*

Unworthy George

"But I am so unworthy, darling," he murmured, as he held the dear girl's hand in his.

"Oh, George," she sighed, "if you and papa agreed on every point as you do on that, how happy we should be!"—*Orange Peel.*

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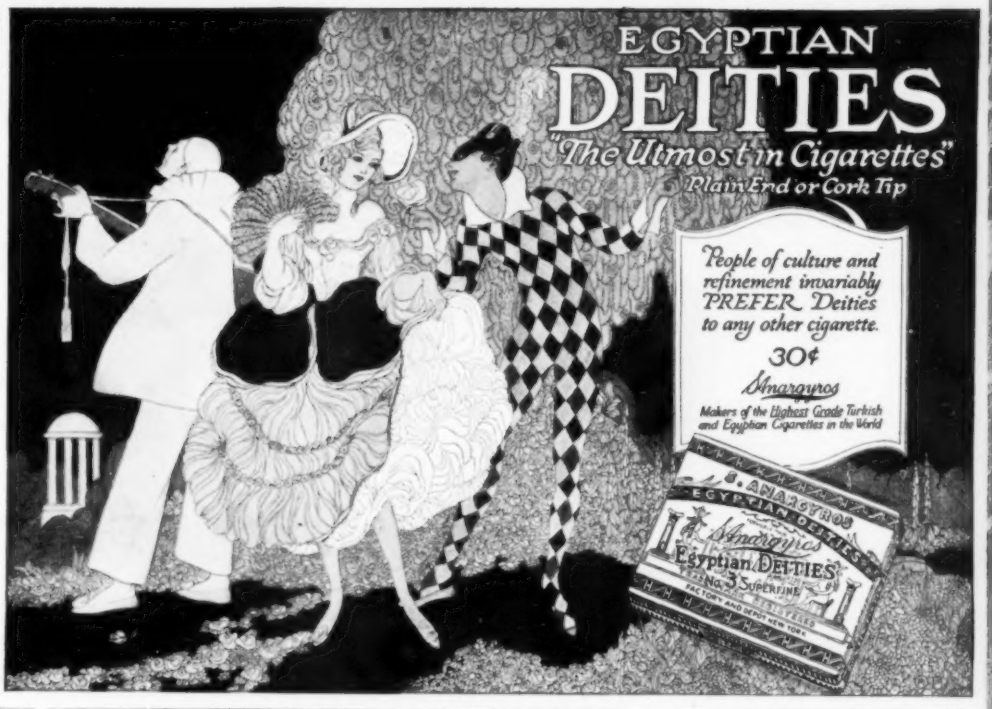
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Great Expectations

He (to taxi driver)—Hey, you! You haven't given me enough change!

Driver—Well, you can't expect to hire a taxi, a driver, and an expert accountant all for a quarter!—*Burr.*

Optimism

Tonsorialist—And what will you have on your face when I finish shaving you?

Optimistic Stude—Oh, probably both lips and part of my nose.—*Awgwan.*

Delusion

I woke up.
It was
Cold.
Hotels
Never
Put enough
Blankets on
The beds.
I found that
The door was Open.
So I closed it.
I was all
Right then.
But I don't
Know why.
Because I
Had only
Closed the
Closet door.—*Record.*

Eyes Front!

A PRIVATE AFFAIR.

—*Widow.*

Balancing, Too

Oscar—I don't think bookkeeping is a very healthy job.

Titus—Oh, they get enough exercise running up the columns.—*Burr.*

Ole Olson Knows

"Why is a pancake like the sun?"

"Dot's easy," answered the Swede. "It rises out of der yeast and sets behint der vest."—*Orange Peel.*

Weekly Installments

"Your son is writing for a living."

"Yes, he writes to me."—*Jack O'Lantern.*

Easily Explained

"It seems odd to me that a student's life should be so monotonous."

"That's easy to explain. One so seldom receives a check from home that he gets no change at all."—*Widow.*

A Matter of Control

She (after the waltz)—Why is the Danube blue?

He (thoughtfully)—Because it's a civilized river, and the Germans control most of it.—*Medley.*

Due Consideration

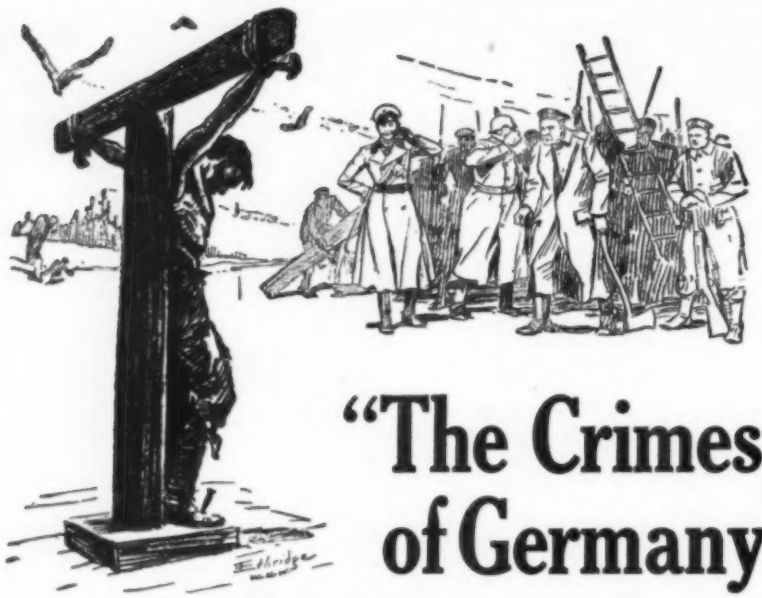
Widower—I suppose that when you recall what a handsome man your first husband was, you wouldn't consider me for a minute.

Widow—Oh, yes I would. But I wouldn't consider you for a second.—*Orange Peel.*

Drowned Out

Blass—Why do they always cheer when a player gets hurt?

Phemy—So the girls can't hear what he is saying.—*Awgwan.*



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Sept. 10, 1918.

Dear Sir: Since you published my name and address on a joke of mine in your Camp Dept., I have been in receipt of letters from all over these U. S. from members of one of the best known of our sexes. Unluckily, *a certain girl*, as they say in Paree, has seen some of them, and insists that I must have made the first advances in order to get these dames to write to me. It's a hard life.

Sergt. LYON MEARSON.

A Lonely Philatelist

Tolstraat 79
Amersfoort, Holland.

Dear Sir: As a Belgian soldier prisoner of war, I take the liberty to send you a little request.

Having much time to spend here in the camp, I should like very much to make a collection of different used postage stamps and I should be very obliged if you would be so kind to send me some used stamps.

In exchange for them I will send you a beautiful keepsake of our camp.

Thanking you in advance, I remain, dear sir,

JOSEPH STEVENS
Belgian soldier.

A Tropical Suggestion

39 Bld. de Grenelle, Paris XV, France.

Dear Sir: Pardon me this card, but I am a French soldier of twenty-one years who admires America and would desire to correspond with a young man or a young girl of the States. Knowing nobody, I write to your paper hoping you shall be kind enough to give me an answer. If possible I would like better to correspond with a good educated inhabitant of Florida or California as I love warm climates. Please be kind enough to write to my Paris address, as I may change often of towns.

PERCY ANDRÉ.

The Bright Side

To kiss a girl against her will
Should cause you much chagrin until
You recollect (your shame 'twill soften)
It does not happen very often.

Why Is It?

Why is it that some men will expose themselves to question by hanging a stuffed fish in their club?

It Would

Wouldn't it be great if a man's investments would only do as well as his house account?

Sometimes

Sometimes it is as hard to learn from a member of an athletic club where the gymnasium is as it is to get a member of a press club to locate the library.

Remember Belgium

YOU can floor an Uhlan with lead, but only gold can floor Berlin—the gold of a world aroused.

You can hit the Hun the hardest by putting every possible dollar into this critical bond issue. Make it your business to see that every man and woman of your acquaintance understands the importance of buying bonds to the limit.

The enemy has developed a world-distribution on brutalities that bear the Berlin shipping-tag. How long shall this obscene commerce in brutality continue?

Your answer is required, now. Your money talks. You can crack Kultur on the head by volunteering *more of* your money than the Government asks for. You can overwhelm the mad Wolf of Wilhelmstrasse with the crushing wrath of billions.

How long do you want to receive news of U-boat sinkings, casualty lists, and maimed sons, marked F O. B. Berlin?

Gentlemen, your answer?

Put your answer in writing—on a check. Now is the time to hurl Wilhelm II against the fence, and make him face a firing squad of 100,000,000 Americans—with dollars for bullets.

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